

Alone

by The X-Woman

Category: X-Files

Genre: Angst

Language: English

Characters: D. Scully, F. Mulder

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-06-11 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-06-11 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:02:07

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 532

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: After "Closure", Scully reflects on the loss of Samantha.

Alone

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><br>Archive: YES! Just tell me where, and keep my name and disclaimer attached.

><br>Spoilers: Sein und Zeit/Closure; First Collector Comic: "Do Not Open Until X-Mas"(I treat that like an episode.)

><br>Summary: Scully reflects on Samantha's death.

><br>"Alone"

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><br>Dana Scully sat, staring at her partner from where she sat at her desk.

><br>Just yesterday, their drive back from their last case had been quiet and uncomfortable. Mulder had just discovered for sure that his sister Samantha was dead, Samantha, who had been the reason for his interest in the X-Files, his interest in his job, he and Scully's pay check for the last eight years.

><br>She remembered his words as he looked into the sky, Scully at his side. "I'm free." The opposite of what she would have excepted... she remembered Christmases ago, after another failed case, another X-Files nabbed away by the government, they sat on a bench, in the snow, and he had asked her where she thought her father was. She replied that wherever he was, that he was happy. "I envy you." He had replied. "It would be such a relief to think my sisters happy, but when I look up at the heavens, all I see are the stars." Scully had remembered going home and crying that night; for Mulder, for Samantha, and for herself.

>His mood had faded on the way back to DC. He became irritable, jumpy, and dreamy. Scully herself had fallen into her own world, realizing that whether she believed Mulder or not, to him Samantha

was dead, so to Scully she would be too. There was no getting her back now, and Scully took a close look at what her life was all about now. She had always seen Samantha as some kind of *savoir*, the light at the end of the tunnel. She always thought that when they had discovered her fate, Scully would feel some relief, some ending to what she had been working at for so long. <br>

>But she did not. When Mulder looked into the sky and whispered, "I'm free"; there was no singing, no dancing, and no laughing. <br>

>Just a void. <br>"What's wrong, Scully?" He suddenly asked, looking up at her. She started at him, looked into his eyes. Was he a different person now that she was gone? Was his drive in life different, his reason for the X-Files?

><br>Then her worst fear flashed through her mind; Was he going to give up?

><br>Suddenly Scully was frightened, more than she had ever been. More than when Donnie Phaster had attacked her twice, more than when Pusher had Mulder aim a gun at her, and then his sister followed in his footsteps. More than when Duane Barry opened that trunk to look her in the eye after he had murdered a cop in cold blood.

><br>"Nothing, Mulder." She whispered. "Nothing is wrong."

><br>\*Yes, something is wrong Mulder.\* She said to him in her mind.  
\*Something is very wrong.\*

><br>\*I am alone.\*

><br>

End  
file.